

don't give this boy a gun

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don't give this boy a gun

by [AliceFromLVJY](#)

Summary

Tommy giggles. "You always get so easy when you're like this", he says hoarsely as if he were surprised— surprised, after all the nights they've spent together.

"n what about it?", Wilbur murmurs.

The loss of Tommy's hand against his cheek feels like heartbreak. The cold barrel of the Glock that's pressed to his carotid moments later, Wilbur knows, is the only thing that can mend it. He strains against it, moans out his encouragement.

Wilbur likes to lean into the spiral. Tommy tethers him to reality.

Notes

tw for mentions of alcohol, guns (duh) and wilbur fantasizing about getting killed.

written for day 24 of dddne poppytober, prompt 'weapon kink'.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Your choice of hotel keeps getting sketchier, king", Wilbur says upon throwing the door open and entering without a second look or an ounce of hesitation, which is considered half a death sentence

in and of itself in his line of business. *Room 252*, the lady at the counter of the bar down below that seems to serve as the hotel's reception had told him. Taken a long drag on her cigarette. Slid a muddy-looking, dark photo across the wine-stained wood.

Wilbur holds that photo up between two fingers, now, and shakes his head.

"How much did you pay her to keep her mouth shut and her fingers away from her phone just so you could make a stupid joke, and why wouldn't you spend that same money on a nicer room?" He looks around and then walks over to the bed in the centre of the room, flops down on it with his back first. There's cracks eating their way through the ceiling from where the light dangles. "They don't even have a mini bar here."

The blond boy that's been sitting on the singular chair at the singular small table in the corner of the room stands up, opens his arms for a stretch, yawns.

"I can't believe you ran right into the point and still missed it. They're easier to bribe 'cause they've got less of everything."

He comes over and plucks the photo from Wilbur's hand, presses a sloppy kiss to the centre of the paper. His eyes gleam with equal amounts mischief and poorly contained excitement.

Wilbur rolls his eyes. "Oh, quit the act, Tommy. You always want to be so fucking cool and mysterious and sneaky-sleezy-business— whatever. You're not."

"Do you think you deserve a nicer room?", Tommy asks.

When his gaze slips down from Wilbur's eyes to his lips, then the rest of his body, Wilbur is suddenly very aware of the tie he's lost over two drinks back at home, his half-unbuttoned shirt that became a little too hot and tight after the third. Tommy leans down to run a thumb over his lower lip. Wilbur opens his mouth and curls his tongue around it and feels wrecked already.

"What would your superiors have to say about that photo, I wonder", Tommy murmurs. "About all the other ones, too."

He doesn't have to hold it up again. The near-fluorescent reflection of the camera's flash in the streaks of come on his face are burned into Wilbur's memory; so is the way it felt half-cooled and increasingly sticky against his skin. Then the scratchiness of his throat that seems so very evident in how his lips are parted breathlessly— to him, at least. Maybe Tommy as well. He could always ask the lady at the counter.

Wilbur turns his head to the side so Tommy has to let go of his jaw. He laughs. "They'd blow my brains out for attempted treason, I suppose. And then they'd have the singular most amazing wank of their life over it. My dead body, too, if they're feeling a little freaky. I certainly wouldn't put it past them."

"You fucking slut", Tommy says, face in awe.

Wilbur pulls him down by his arm and kisses him. It's all teeth and no direction, no intention other than to rile Tommy up for the night. He's too gentle, always too gentle, and Wilbur needs more than that.

Tommy shoves him away quickly enough, pins him down with a hand to his chest and his knees to both sides of his body. The mattress beneath them is cheap and much too soft; the sheets give way to their bodies like water. They're cool against Wilbur's skin. He thinks he might be burning.

"You're pissed", Tommy spits. He scrunches his nose and wipes his mouth with the back of his free hand. Slips the other underneath Wilbur's shirt and digs his fingernails into his sternum just to watch him swallow down a gasp.

"I'm tipsy", Wilbur corrects him. "Which is why I came here with a plan. A suggestion, if you will. Small request for a good friend."

He lifts his hips off the mattress as well as he can and shoots Tommy the most disgustingly sweet smile he's capable of when his clothed dick, half-hard already, bumps against the inside of his thighs. Tommy looks like he wants to slap him in the face, and Wilbur has to close his eyes at the thought of him maybe, maybe, mercifully acting on it later on. His hand finds the holster at the side of his pants; his fingers close around the grip of the Glock he's slid in there earlier.

He pulls it out, flips it around so he's staring down the barrel. Tommy reaches for it hesitantly, only fits a firm hand around the grip when Wilbur nods. It's muscle memory for both of them.

"You're making me point a loaded gun at you again", Tommy says. His voice is quieter than before. Somehow his hair still shines like gold in the dirty light hitting him from above.

Wilbur shrugs. "It's loaded because I trust you", he replies.

"You— don't give me any of that shit, prick." Tommy presses the magazine release and lets it fall into his other hand, fumbles for an empty one on the left side of Wilbur's belt. His fingertips are cool and clammy when they brush against the skin just above. "You're just fucking suicidal."

Wilbur hums. "Part of the job, isn't it? Come on, Tommy. I know you want to." And he opens his mouth again, sticks his tongue out to lick over his lips. Gets another faint taste of Tommy's spit.

Tommy's eyes are dark in the shadow of his fringe.

"You'd like it too much, I think. I'm not giving you that satisfaction."

The empty magazine clicks into place; the full one is discarded on the bedside table. Tommy puts the Glock down next to it and laughs at Wilbur's frown.

"You know how this goes, Wil. You wanna give yourself away like a bitch— you've gotta be patient."

He reaches down to unbutton the rest of Wilbur's shirt with nimble fingers, pushes the fabric away to both sides. The stale air in the room is cold against his bare chest. Tommy's palms, though, are warm, and his touch licks against Wilbur's skin like fire where he smooths them down his ribs, his waist, to press them into the crease of his hips. His fingertips disappear beneath the hem of Wilbur's pants for moments at a time; they never get to the buckle of his belt.

He's so hard it hurts against the tight fabric. He wouldn't have it any other way. The gun glares at him from the nightstand, gleaming bleak and promising.

Tommy licks a slow stripe up his chest and presses a kiss to his sternum that's as wet and messy as everything his mouth knows to do. Wilbur hisses.

"Kneel down, please. The carpet might be a little used and crusty, sadly", Tommy whispers into his skin. "I'm sure you don't mind."

He rolls off to the side and Wilbur lets himself go boneless, practically slides down to the floor. The world is a little shaky and awkward around him. By the time he's turned back around, Tommy

is sitting on the edge of the bed with his legs parted— inviting, familiar.

The floor really is hard beneath Wilbur's knees. He forgets about it the second Tommy takes his head into his hands. Leans into it, closes his eyes, sighs.

Tommy giggles. "You always get so easy when you're like this", he says hoarsely as if he were surprised. Surprised, after all the nights they've spent together.

"n what about it?", Wilbur murmurs.

The loss of Tommy's hand against his cheek feels like heartbreak. The cold, cold barrel of the Glock that's pressed to his carotid moments later, Wilbur knows, is the only thing that can mend it. He strains against it, moans out his encouragement.

"No fucking shame", Tommy comments. "You want this gun to be loaded so bad. You'd like knowing that every move I make could be the thing that kills you. No— you'd love it. Tell me you wouldn't, prick."

"It's because I trust you", Wilbur repeats.

The sharp fingernail of a thumb digs into his lower lip. The barrel is lifted off his skin, and Wilbur can just so keep himself from making yet another pleading noise. It's not like he cares; it's not the thing Tommy wants to hear from him, either. He needs to play his cards right with his terrible, sweet boy.

"Please, Tommy", he says quietly. "Please. Okay. Think about dying."

Tommy's face is a singular question mark. "What— ? I dunno. Always sounded pretty boring to me, I guess. Death is death, and then there's just nothing."

The barrel makes its way along Wilbur's neck, sends shiver after shiver down his back when Tommy drags it over the soft skin below his jawline. It comes to rest beneath his chin by which Tommy tips his head up, sternly meets his gaze. His eyes look turquoise in the buzzing light hitting him from above-behind, like the glaciers in Greenland that Wilbur has only ever seen photos of. He'd like to go there someday.

(He'd like to ask Tommy to come with him.)

"Why?", Tommy asks.

Wilbur sighs again, ocean-deep. "Not death. Dying. Think about what it must feel like to live through the last minutes of your own life with the acute knowledge that it'll be over." He closes his eyes. The world feels heavy on his shoulders. "Think about how precious everything must become."

"If you aren't going properly mad with pain", Tommy huffs.

The gun slides down, digs further into Wilbur's skin. Swallowing against it is hard; he barely manages to choke out a laugh.

"Oh, fuck the pain", he rasps. "Imagine taking a breath of fresh air for the last time— how fucking ecstatic that must feel. Maybe air has a taste and we just never pay attention to it and only at the very end of your life do you inhale and suddenly—"

Tommy forces his thumb between his lips, yanks the gun up with enough force for it to hit Wilbur's

jawbone and *sting*, and then slips the barrel into his mouth without another warning.

It's bitter and oily and dirty against his tongue. It should be the most disgusting thing ever, but Wilbur, in all his desperate wrongness, can only whimper. The vibrations of the sound rippling through the cool metal leave him so turned on he's dizzy with it. His hips have started twitching forward on their own accord.

Wilbur dips his tongue into the opening and sucks.

"Yeah", Tommy half-groans, drawn out. "Every single time. You're so fucking— god. You're impossible. There's your pain, dickhead."

He pushes the gun into Wilbur's mouth carelessly. His grin grows teeth and the smallest hint of cruelty when Wilbur tries to lean back, get away from the edge of the barrel that's hit the back of his throat, and Tommy just keeps his hand firmly to the back of his head and doesn't *let* him.

Wilbur reminds himself to breathe. He's had his lips stretched around much more.

He's also had loaded guns pointed to his head, his back, his knees often enough for a few lifetimes, but still none of his friends have agreed to fuck him with anything but an empty one. He knows Tommy never will. It's a shame, something to mourn, really— because where else would a live arm fit if not into knowing, gentle hands?

"You take it so well. You take me so fucking well", Tommy whispers then, and Wilbur can't help but imagine. He's become good at it. The thrill of death, too, is muscle memory.

(A singular bullet would satisfy him, he thinks.)

Tommy slots the barrel tightly into the corner of his mouth, holds it there until Wilbur knows his lips will be sore and pink and swollen for a day at least. It chases a sharp kind of shiver up his spine that's hot and cold at the same time, like the sound a fork makes against a ceramic plate.

(Tommy would release the safety, move his finger onto the trigger. He'd smile.)

Tommy buries a hand in Wilbur's hair and starts rubbing small circles into the nape of his neck. Wilbur tries to follow the movement, bows his head until the angle becomes too steep. He feels the barrel of the gun hit the roof of his mouth, sweet and unforgiving.

"You're being painfully obvious, Wil. I know all your thoughts. I also know you're not having many of them right now because you're way too much into having your mouth— violated with this dirty dangerous little bitch", Tommy says. Wilbur is pretty sure he's not imagining the way his voice shakes.

He tries this every single time, and it never works, and Wilbur will never tell him that he still likes it a little bit. Someone has to make it known to the world how wrong he is.

He should've seen Tommy's shoe coming, but nearly jerks out of his skin anyway once it's pressed up against his dick insistently. The sight of well-worn black leather between his thighs is stupidly erotic. Another moan slips out of Wilbur.

Tommy answers with a strained groan. "You're close, aren't you? Gonna come from this alone? I think you know what to do", he says.

Wilbur can't answer with a mouth full of weapon, so he looks up with lidded watery eyes and nods and finally, finally feels himself break. He starts rutting against the tip of the shoe in earnest,

knows he'll be too fucking quick, doesn't find it in himself to even begin to care.

(— the tug of a finger, an eardrum-ripping bang, the only bullet straight through the back of his throat. Blood. Torn skin and bone and blood, blood—)

The trigger in his mouth clicks empty.

Wilbur wonders if the wall behind him is clean before he's hit by white-hot pleasure that crackles at the edges of his sight, digs its fingernails into his skull and pulls him down, down, down. His dick keeps twitching against the seam of his pants, oversensitive, and his own come is sticky and warm around it, and everything hurts so fucking good.

The gun is pulled from his mouth. Wilbur gasps for air. It tastes like life.

"You're sinful. You're the thing god thought of when he made some poor guy on a mountain write down what humans should and shouldn't do. It's not fair", Tommy tells him. His eyes are wide and dull with lust. He fumbles with his belt, takes his own dick out, starts stroking it without an ounce of temperance.

Wilbur swallows for the first time in an eternity and tastes oil. "There's ten of those commandments", he croaks. His throat is raw.

"You're the only one that counts", Tommy pants. "You're all of them."

Wilbur shakes his head and laughs. He knows he looks like the epitome of sin— hair tousled, lips red and ruined, a wet stain on the front of his pants. A little pathetic, a little impossible.

"Gonna make me even prettier, Tommy, hm?"

He manages to close his eyes just before Tommy tips over the edge with a broken wail and warm spurts of come are hitting his face. Some of it drips into his hair, and Wilbur scrunches his nose in annoyance and cranes his head towards Tommy all the same, tips it back. He's rewarded with some of it against his throat. It slips down his neck, tickles like a drop of sweat but paints him infinitely more beautiful.

"Filthy whore", Tommy says, voice thin and stumbling and speckled with more fondness than Wilbur could bear if he were sober. "Don't move. I've gotta get the camera."

So much about treason, Wilbur thinks. The appropriate course of action would be to jump up and bolt for the door. Wilbur's decided he rather likes the the sound of the shutter and the sharp flash against his retinae, the way the photo screeches when it's being printed and crackles when Tommy waves it through the air to fully dry.

"Leverage has been acquired", Tommy comments eventually. Wilbur cracks his eyes open. He's a mirage with golden hair in weak yellow light, and the world is warped through all the tears in Wilbur's eyes that he hasn't cried and they've sketched out some sort of halo around Tommy's head. When Tommy looks down at him triumphantly, Wilbur thinks this might be salvation.

His empty Glock has been discarded to the floor. Death couldn't do it like Tommy anyway.

"Show me", Wilbur says. "— oh, man. I look so fucking hot."

Tommy turns the photo back around. Reaches for the one Wilbur brought with him much, much earlier that's been waiting patiently on the nightstand.

"I mean. Maybe. Shouldn't have gone for another haircut", he says finally.

Wilbur shuffles forward a little and puts his head down in Tommy's lap. He feels the half-dried come that's gotten sticky and disgusting be smeared around in his face. He's too tired to do anything about it.

"You're getting my trousers dirty, asshole", Tommy hisses. One of his hands finds Wilbur's spine, the other rubs circles into his shoulderblade. Wilbur shivers.

"Payback for my hair", he mumbles into Tommy's thigh. "Showers will be hell for the next week because of how horny you are for me."

"Have you considered getting up and rinsing it out before it dries?"

Wilbur sighs and presses closer. He can feel himself falling asleep. "I hope to die at your hand one day", he whispers softly.

Tommy's hands still for a second before they continue moving. They, too, are aware of Wilbur's wrongness.

"You're delusional", is what comes back.

Wilbur hums his agreement and closes his eyes. Next to Tommy, the air tastes sweet.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! please leave kudos and a comment, i need them for photosynthesis!

why do they have guns? uh. think of this as a bungou stray dogs au for context. they just do. and the wilbur-dazai parallels are strong in this one, too.

the polaroid bit was inspired by my friend jordan's most recent [lovejoy fic](#). go check it out (cocks gun). and if you liked this work, i encourage you to have a look at the rest of this series as well!

[twitter where i am constantly losing my mind](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!